



ESTOTE FIDELES

1942

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ESTOTE FIDELES



By

The 1942

Graduating Class

of the

St. Boniface

School of Nursing



ST. BONIFACE HOSPITAL

Dedication



*W*E, the Graduates
of 1942, dedicate
these pages to the youth
of today, with the sin-
cere hope for a war-free
future.

Foreword

To the Members of the Graduating Class, 1942,
St. Boniface Student Nurses,
St. Boniface Hospital, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

YOU are now completing several years of very trying and difficult work. You have sacrificed a great deal; but in doing so you have fitted yourselves for responsibilities, and I know that each one of you is now ready to accept her full share.

The war will offer you many opportunities for service which are interesting and will be of real importance. Not all of you will be in a position to accept such responsibilities, however, civilian life will offer you great opportunities as well. Which-ever you decide to accept, I am sure that the energy with which you have completed your under-graduate years will carry you through with honour to yourselves and to your school.

As you prepare to leave your school, may I as Chairman of the Staff Executive of St. Boniface Hospital, convey to you from all members of the staff our very best wishes for your success.

C. R. RICE, M.D., C.M.,
President of Staff Executive.

Messages from Our Sisters

Most Sincere Congratulations to the 1942 Graduating Class

“**M**EN do not light a candle to put it under a bushel but upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all that are in the house. So let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in Heaven.” And so, my dear Nurses, as you enter a career of devotedness to suffering humanity, remember that your life must stand out like a beacon, bringing hope and joy to all those coming near you. Be worthy of your noble profession and God will bless you!

SISTER L. BREUX, S.G.M., R.N., B.A.,
Superintendent and Superior.

To the Members of the Graduating Class

AT the present moment the most fascinating subject of your thoughts is the future—your future. What will it be? You have striven to prepare yourselves for the duties and obligations that await you. How well you have succeeded, the years alone will tell. Whatever problems shall arise, whatever difficulties confront you, may you always have the courage of your convictions and faith in God that is so essential if you are to attain your ideal.

“The Charity of Christ urgeth us,” is the motto of the institution which has nurtured you for the last three years. May it be yours also as you begin your professional life, for this war-weary world has much need of it. May all whom you serve find in you this charity, as well as science and skill, is the wish of your Alma Mater as it regretfully bids you, “Farewell.”

SR. DELIA CLERMONT, S.G.M., R.N., B.S.,
Superintendent of Nurses.

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Editorial

WITH Graduation and the publication of this book, the curtain falls on the last scene of our days as student nurses. We are now standing on the threshold of new interests, new learning and new adventure. With the world as it is today, torn by war, it is not into a "gay valley of adventure" that we are looking; but there are many paths through the valley—may we take the one to which we are individually most suited. Because, as nurses, we are able to play an important role in the lives of people—we are necessary to assist in maintaining the health and happiness of communities. Let us not lose sight of our goal in life, and with courage, we shall succeed in fulfilling our ambitions.

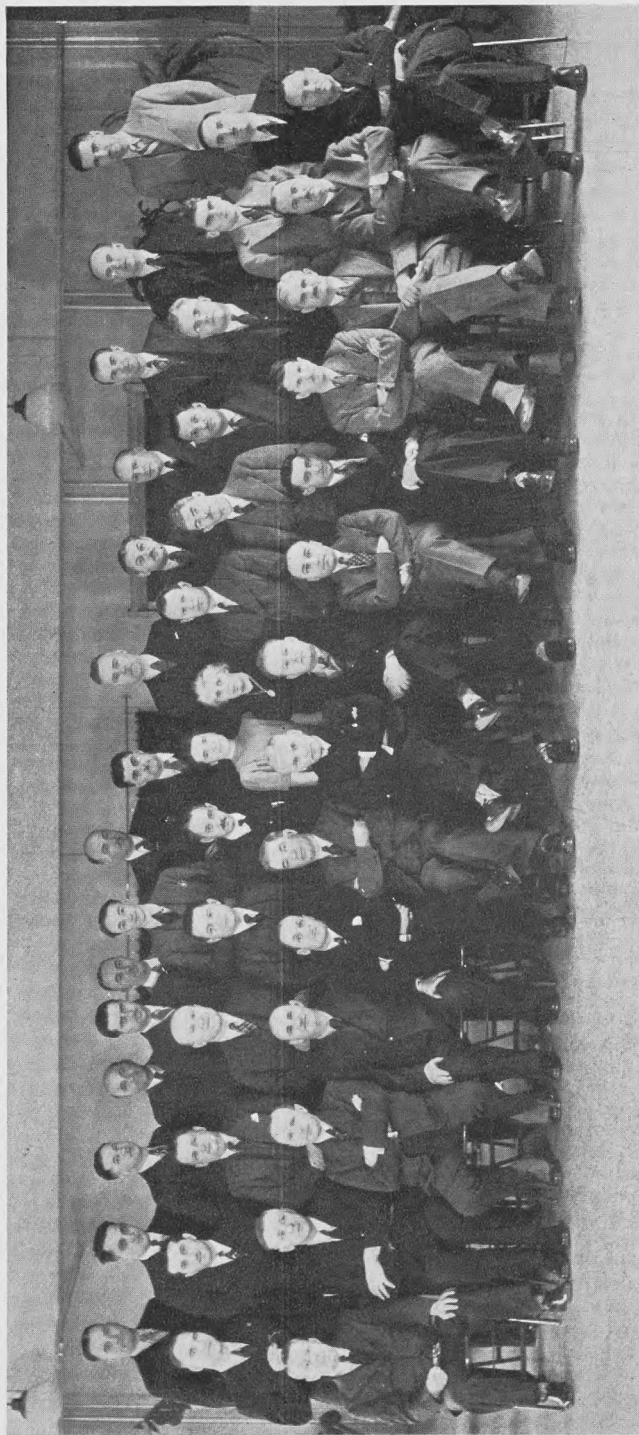
The past year has been for us a very busy one, into which we have crowded the formation of a Student Council and a School Fund. Also, for the first time we had our own Christmas Greeting Cards printed. All of these undertakings have proven successful, and I sincerely hope that they shall be carried on in the future. Too, I am anxious that the publication of a Year Book be continued.

We have learned how much we can accomplish if we only try. If we want our training days to be interesting, to be happy memories, we must make them so. We must co-operate to be successful—if you cannot be a cog in the wheel do not be a rock in its pathway. So the very best of luck in all future endeavors.

I wish to express my sincere thanks to all who have assisted with the publication of this book: to those who contributed articles and other material; to Sister Clermont for her constant interest and ever ready assistance; to Miss Rogal for her untiring efforts in the advertising field, and to everyone who helped her; to the Editorial Staff; and to our typists, Miss Snyder, Miss Geenen, and Miss Ottley. We also wish to thank all those whose financial support has made this book possible.

ELVA TAYLOR.

OUR DOCTORS



Back Row (left to right)—E. W. Stewart, J. Hollenberg, S. S. Peikoff, S. Markovits, T. Gowron, L. Pauls, L. Howden, C. R. Burrell, I. M. Shankman, E. F. Etsell, G. H. Shapera, M. Finkelstein, R. J. Cleave, A. C. Abbott, K. Johnston.

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Dr. J. Prendergast

Gradatim

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step towards God,—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay,

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

J. G. HOLLAND.



THE NURSES' RESIDENCE

The Florence Nightingale Pledge

SOLEMNLy pledge myself before God, and in the presence of this assembly, to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.

I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge, in the practice of my calling.

With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.



CHRISTINA BARR
OAK RIVER, MAN.

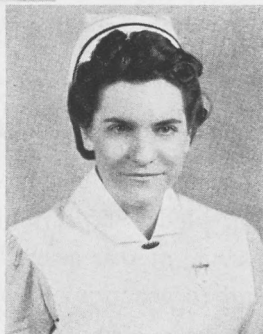
Miss Barr is from Oak River,
A pleasant sort is she;
As good a friend as ever
Anyone could be.

Graduates



DOROTHY BINGHAM
PILOT MOUND, MAN.

She's capable and efficient,
She's jolly and she's kind;
As a nurse, a friend, a
worker,
No better will you find.



MAE CREELMAN
KENORA, ONT.

She loves the music of the
tea pot,
She loves the music of the
spout;
But the music in her fingers
Makes us pleased when
she's about.

LORRAINE DIERKER
CUDWORTH, SASK.

A bonny fair maiden,
As blithe as can be;
With her graceful carriage
So charming is she.



JOAN DIXON
PINE FALLS, MAN.

From Pine Falls comes
"Dickie,"
So pleasant, so gay;
Who labors with pins
To make those curls stay.



of '42

ADELINE KESSLER
PANGMAN, SASK.

She's witty, she's jolly,
She's clever 'tis true;
Talking with her eyes
Is what she can do.



HAZEL HOWSON
QUILL LAKE, SASK.

For speed you can't beat
This tall slim lass,
For under her feet
There grows no grass.



IDA HEWITT
VICTORIA, B. C.

A tenant of five-twenty,
Though seldom in you'll
find;
It's open house to everyone,
So call at any time.



HELEN GIESBRECHT
WINNIPEG, MAN.

A good friend in trouble,
A worker true blue,
A helper when needed,
A kind one all through.



MAE DROBOT
WATROUS, SASK.

From near Manitou waters,
'Way out in the West,
Comes our little Mae Drobot
Who's one of the best.



Nurses' Record

PATIENT'S NAME..... *I. M. Sick*

DOCTOR..... *Fixum-quick*

WARD..... *I Can*

ADMITTED..... *March 7/39*

CASE No..... *May, '42*

NAME	FOOD	MEDICINE & TREATMENT	REMARKS
BARR	Chocolate bars	Foot treatments	Prolonged holidays with feet on satin cushions.
BINGHAM	Boxes from home	Soda Bicarb.	Always wondering if plaster cans are full enough.
CREELMAN	Kik	Soft music	Found—at the piano.
DIERKER	Cokes	Picture shows	Is that golden glow a halo?
DIXON	Ginger Ale	Rx hair oil and curlers	Dierker's voice ringing in her ears, "Dixon, hurry up."
DROBOT	Minus calories	Dancing	Uniforms catch her eye.
GIESBRECHT	Home cooked	Alcohol foot rubs	More special training!
HEWITT	Cokes, sandwiches	Bile beans, sinapisms	A weary lass.
HOWSON	Milk	Sleep	Motto—"Never be serious."
KESSLER	Anything handy	Remodelling	Argument is the spice of life.
KITTLESON	Navy beans	Salt sea air	Occasional outings in grey limousine.
KOZAK	Bird-like appetite	Laughing gas	That graceful air is hers.
LAZENBY	Reducing diet	Hot a.m. baths, violent exercises	Lonely mysterious pilgrimages.
LYLYK	Prefers not to	Phenobarb, soneryl	Never sleeps, bears up well.
LINN	Lunch at Waldorf	Sulphathiozole	Working hard till Dr. McEwen catches up to her.
MARCHAND	Cokes	Conversation	Time passes more quickly with company.
MOFFITT	Orange peel	Ozonol	"Laugh and the World Laughs With You."
McALISTER	Peanut butter and syrup	World conditions	B. P. rises on Bronchoscopy day.
SEXTON	Anything sweet	Sleep	If late, will be there soon.
TAYLOR	Chocolate bars	A book	Will you loan me something to read?
WEBER	As necessary	Dates	She's on the phone again.
YAREMKEWICH	Peanuts	Sun treatments in Peanut Park	Drugstore complexion unnecessary.

Nurses' Record

PATIENT'S NAME *Wera Big Class*

DOCTOR *Canya Standus*

WARD *We Can't*

ADMITTED *Sept. 7/39*

CASE No. *May, '42*

NAME	FOOD	MEDICINE & TREATMENT	REMARKS
ADAMS	Chocolates	Measle routine	Unable to stay to diet.
BRADSHAW	Cokes and bars	Soneryl	8-hour day—16 hours sleep, and time to eat.
CREECH	Chicken, bananas	Ann, Wyn, frequently	Her brother is here again.
DERKSEN	Shepherd's pie	P. G. on Joan D'Arc	Delights in parties after 10.
GEENEN	Peanut butter	P. G. in medical art	Loves tennis and walking.
HARDER	Susies	Doesn't need any	Has ideas about everything.
LANDRY	Chicken legs	Spectacles	Ideal stretcher pusher.
LAWSON	Crackers	Foot baths, served daily, à la salt	Loves her bed.
LEPINSKI	Steak and chips	Book of poetry	"Coca-Cola hits the spot."
MACNAB	Peppermints	A jaunt to the country once a year	Appears quiet, but her droll humor betrays her.
OTTLEY	Cookies—by express	Rx hair tonic	"Mutter, mutter, fuss, fume."—Little Joe the rambler.
PRESTED	Home-cooked	Bicycle rides, p.r.n.	She loves arguments. We all like her.
RAABEL	Danish pastry	Benzedrine Sulphate	Complains of persistent insomnia.
ROGAL	Roast chicken	Frossts	Roller-skating—and, is she a travelling salesman!
ROLLEFSON	Ice cream	Haliver oil capsules	She has a riding habit—if she only had a horse!
SNYDER	Sandwiches, dill pickles	More plaster casts	"Snolly, the nightingale." Complains, to no avail.
TAYLOR	Tomato juice	Rx Pep Reviver, frequently	Desires less work, more time to talk.
TREMBLAY	Milk shakes	A diet of any kind	"Jeannie"—loves to go out, especially by bus.



PAULINE WEBER

BENSON, SASK.

Tall and slim,
Neat and trim,
A popular girl
Setting hearts awirl.

Graduates



JEAN YAREMKEWICH

FISHER BRANCH, MAN.

Lighthearted and carefree is
"Yammy,"
Laughing all the while;
Fond of eating, sleeping and
dancing,
Never seen without a
smile.



RUTH ADAMS

INGLIS, MAN.

A first class nurse is Adams,
A faithful friend, 'tis true;
She has time for other's
troubles,
But you never find her
blue.

VIVIAN BRADSHAW

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Home for dinner on Sunday,
Sometimes blue on Monday;
A pretty good scout to have
about,
Whether on duty or going
out.



ETHEL CREECH

LLOYDMINSTER, SASK.

A quiet girl seems Ethel,
But full of mischief, too,
She never shirks her work,
Here is a nurse, true blue.



of '42

RHETA LAWSON

QU'APPELLE, SASK.

Steadfast and kind
We have found her to be,
"Lend a helping hand"
Her motto seems to be.



GEORGINA LANDRY

ST. NORBERT, MAN.

A tall blonde girl
With a sense of humor,
To sleep instead of study
We find she would sooner.



HELEN HARDER

WINKLER, MAN.

Justice is a virtue
Employed by Helen here,
When wrong's must be
righted,
You'll find our Helen
there.



MARY GEENEN

MUENSTER, SASK.

When there's work to be
completed
Mary is the one that's
needed,
At drawing, typing, sewing,
painting,
We find she has a first class
rating.



SUSAN DERKSEN

BOISSEvain, MAN.

Steady and faithful,
Always kind;
We often wonder
What's on her mind.





ANNE LEPINSKI
ESTERHAZY, SASK.

A quiet girl, we never can
Learn very much about our
Anne,
Looking for Ethel she spends
her time,
Or going out to Joy's to dine.

Graduates



WYNNIFRED MACNAB
WINNIPEG, MAN.

A cheery smile,
A friend worth while,
She's quiet and demure;
She's full of fun,
Her work's well done,
You'll like her we feel
sure.



LILLIAN OTTLEY
ASSINIBOIA, SASK.

Lillian is our little Scotch
lass,
At cutting capers she heads
the class;
Oh! a happy, jolly girl is
Lil,
She keeps us laughing fit to
kill.

JOY PRESTED
ST. VITAL, MAN.

Diets big or diets small,
She's the girl can make them
all;
Counting calories all the
while
Has not robbed Joy of her
smile.



EVELYN RAABEL
PELLE, SASK.

Never ruffled,
Never mad;
Does she ever worry?
Keeps us happy
With her smile.
She always will be cheery.



of '42

JEANNE TREMBLAY

COURVAL, SASK.

A jolly little nurse is Jeanne,
But, oh so fond of sleep-
ing;
She spends spare moments
taking naps
Or for the lectures keep-
ing.



ELVA TAYLOR

MINNEDOSA, MAN.

Oh! Elva is our editor fair,
She writes year books with
great care;
Our class president, too, is
she,
A friend to us all, this busy
bee!



MOLLY SNYDER

MANITOU, MAN.

Loves playing the piano,
Delights to sing,
Really a clever girl
Does most anything.



THURA ROLLEFSON

MEDICINE HAT, ALTA.

Lively chatter,
Antics gay;
Coupled with worry
Fulfil her day.



MARIE ROGAL

DRUID, SASK.

One minute she's happy,
One minute she's blue;
She won't nurse for long
If what we hear's true.

SISTER A. LATREILLE

ST. BONIFACE HOSPITAL

Our class is not complete
without Sister Latreille —
clever, cheerful and concise.
Our best wishes for her
health, happiness and suc-
cess in the future.

Sanatorium Days

By IRENE E. McEWEN

ALTHOUGH many people are familiar with life in the Sanatorium, still the majority of the public have little conception of it. Such being the case I should like to convey to you in some measure what I think are the compensations the Tuberculous patients have during their stay in the Sanatorium.

"Why, I would go 'loony' if I had to spend months or years in bed, idle, and away from outside doings." A remark like the above is often made by outsiders. Perhaps you think you would go "loony"—but you wouldn't. It is surprising how quickly the days pass, if lived one at a time. Our days are full—we are not idle. There is much to be gained while "chasing cure".

A patient's mental and physical activities will vary, according to the individual case. The physical activities of the Sanatorium patient are usually quite limited. This provides an opportunity for intellectual pursuits, which in turn probably accounts for the saying that "T. B. patients become more mentally alert."

The radio supplies entertainment and contact with the outside world in news, drama, sport, music and fun. Consider the patient who, before entering the Sanatorium, is keenly interested in hockey. This interest does not have to be placed aside. On the contrary he has an equal opportunity, if not a better one than he previously had to follow games, to know who's who and what's what in the hockey world. This is only a small example of what the patient gains in his "spare time". The same may hold true in other interests, such as music or news. The knowledge and pleasure derived from the radio cannot be over-emphasized.

The patient who was formerly too busy to read has every chance now. The library of the Saskatoon Sanatorium, where I am



at the present time a patient, affords an excellent selection with its contents of over two thousand volumes. Each year many of the latest books are added, which enables one to keep abreast with the current literature. Various magazines and the daily paper may be subscribed to, in addition to those provided annually by different clubs. This cultivation of the habit of reading

while in the Sanatorium will prove of value after returning to normal life.

A great deal more could be said of the patient's activities and interests. To mention only a few—there are various kinds of hand work and hobbies, such as knitting or embroidery, the keeping of diaries, budgets, and scrap-books, and of course, the writing of letters. Nor should I omit the never-failing source of interest provided by the other patients. The companionship of balcony life—learning to get along with your neighbours, and gaining their friendship—gives much happiness. The patients are happy. They are very much alive to what goes on around them and often their sense of humor becomes much keener, which aids greatly in making the days seem brighter. Our balconies don't ring with laughter in a false tone—it's pure delight in the joy and zest of living—the result of happy companionship and shared interests. Oh, of course there are "blue days" too, but it is surprising how few and far between they are.

When a patient enters a Sanatorium, he temporarily feels as if the world has come to an end, but as I hope I have shown in the preceding paragraphs, he soon finds that his world rapidly re-expands and becomes full once more of friends, interests and pursuits, some of which may even be of greater value than those followed in his ordinary life.

So—don't pity us "cure-chasers" too much.

THE END OF A NURSE'S DAY

Seven o'clock! And the nurse's work
Was done for another day!
She heaved a sort of tired sigh
And put the charts away.

Then sat for a moment and bowed her
head

Over the little white desk—
"I wonder," said she to herself, after all,
Am I really doing my best?"

"Perhaps I could have begun the day
With a brighter, cheerier smile,
And answered the bells with—"Right away"
Instead of 'After a while'."

"And I might have listened with sweeter
grace,
To the story of Six's woes;
She may be suffering more, perhaps,
More than anyone knows."

"And I might have refrained from the
half-way frown,
Although I was busy then,
When the frail little girl with sad blue
eyes,
Kept ringing again and again."

"And I might have spoken a kindlier word
To the heart of that restless boy,
And stopped a moment to help him find
The missing part of his toy."

"Or perhaps the patient in Eighteen A,
Just needed a gentler touch;
There are lots of things I might have done
And it wouldn't have taken much."

She sighed again and brushed a tear,
Then whispered,—praying low,
"My God, how can You accept this day,
When it has been lacking so?"

And God looked down—He heard the sigh,
He saw that shining tear:
Then sent His Angel Messenger,
To whisper in her ear . . .

"You could have done better today,
But, oh! the Omnipotent One,
Seeing your faults, does not forget
The beautiful things you have done."

"He knows, little nurse, that you love
your work
In this house of pain and sorrow,
So gladly forgives the lack of today,
For you will do better tomorrow."

The nurse looked up with a grateful smile,
"Tomorrow I'll make it right;"
Then added a note in the order book,
"Be good to them tonight."

SEE IT THROUGH

When you're up against a trouble,
Meet it squarely, face to face;
Lift your chin and set your shoulders,
Plant your feet and take a brace.
When it's vain to try to dodge it,
Do the best that you can do;
You may fail, but you may conquer,
See it through!

Black may be the clouds about you
And your future may seem grim,
But don't let your nerve desert you;
Keep yourself in fighting trim.
If the worse is bound to happen,
Spite of all that you can do,
Running from it will not save you,
See it through!

Even hope may seem but futile,
When with troubles you're beset,
But remember you are facing
Just what other men have met.
You may fail, but fall still fighting;
Don't give up, whate'er you do;
Eyes front, head high to the finish.
See it through!

—Edgar A. Guest.

The Student Council



Back Row (left to right): A. Tingley, R. Adams, G. Hutchison
Middle Row: E. Taylor, C. Lazenby, M. Gibson.
Front: J. Lanthier.

The year 1941 marked the advent of a Student Council! Composed of two representatives from each junior class and three from the senior group, there were seven members of the council in all. The president of the senior class, Miss Elva Taylor, acted as chairman with Miss Ruth Adams as secretary.

At the first meeting of the council, a general course of action was decided upon with meetings to be held monthly in order to supervise and correlate the various school activities. As a result of these meetings we have now for the first time a School Fund and a Glee Club; both are still in the infant stage, but, with the enthusiastic support and co-operation of the students, can become an important and interesting part of our student life.

In order to raise money for our school fund, it was decided that each class would plan some activity with that end in view. The blue bands with their Silver Tea were most successful, and with the contributions of the other two classes, it is expected that the \$100.00 goal will be reached without difficulty.

With the war playing such an important part in the lives of each and every one of us, we felt that we should all "do our bit" for the cause. Therefore, a donation was made of \$50.00 from the proceeds of the silver tea to the Civilian Nurses Relief Fund. Much could still be done in this line, however, and we have no doubt that any activities suggested by your representatives will obtain your interested co-operation. The members of the council are willing and eager to receive any suggestions their class members might advocate, as the sole purpose of the council is to promote the welfare of the students as a whole.

The student council has been formed to bring the student groups closer together—to sponsor any and all activities directed toward making our years of training happier and more interesting. The council is yours—use it! Build it into the finest and most important organization in your school life.

C. Lazenby.



*Who'll scrub?
From the gallery.*



*Mat. Maidens.
Dr. Davidson.
Anaesthetic, please.*



*Working in the O. P. D.
S. B. H. Surgeons.*



*In the D. K.
And he said . . .
Watching our vitamins*



Room No. 2.



*Rock-a-bye baby.
12 P.M. All's well!
Night life.*



S. B. H. Views.

Where Do They Go From Here?

GRADUATION is a milestone and an important one, but only a milestone in life's journey. Some times we think of it as an end in itself, but it is not. Many universities speak of the Graduation Exercises as the "Commencement Exercises" and that indeed is what they really are.

A nursing training, such as this year's graduates have had, is a liberal education, lifting them into the professional class, and thus opening the door to a life of exceptional usefulness in many spheres of human endeavor. It would be interesting to make a survey of what has become of the past graduates from St. Boniface Nursing School or to speculate on the future of those who receive their diplomas this spring. The members of the class of 1942 are fortunate in that they are able to step out into life at a time when there is employment for all and it is for them to choose now what their life work is to be.

Most of them sooner or later will fulfil their destiny and become homemakers and mothers. When they do the three years of discipline and liberal education, not to mention the special knowledge they have acquired, will prove to be of inestimable value. In the meantime some will carry on as private nurses, putting into practice all the bedside training they have received during the last three years. Some will prefer to remain in positions of responsibility in the wards or operating room of their Alma Mater where they will be able to pass on to a new group of students what they have learned. Some, and they will be envied by their sisters, will secure positions as nurses in the Forces and add to the lustre that has come to St. Boniface Nursing School from the activities of past graduates who have served or are serving with such distinction in Military Hospitals. A position in a doctor's office will appeal to some after they have become accomplished stenographers. There will be opportunities for those who like such a life to join the Public Health Service, and at this time when doctors are scarce in many rural communities, the opportunities to serve as Public Health nurses will be great. Others will learn the special knowledge that will make them efficient laboratory, x-ray, or physiotherapy technicians. Perhaps one or more will find that the experiences they have had on the wards, or in making contributions to this Year Book will open the door to a literary career. Many of these lines of endeavor call for a special post-graduate training which in these busy times may be hard to arrange.

However, no matter what life holds in store for them, we may be sure that they will always be a credit to the St. Boniface Nursing School and that it will be the pride of each to say in the years that lie ahead of them, "I am a graduate of St. Boniface Hospital."

DR. A. P. MACKINNON, M.D. Ch.M., F.R.C.S.

IN A HOSPITAL

On a white bed I learned to pray
For things I had not counted much,
I grew to love the white of sheets,
A little nurse's quiet touch.
How pain can make the hours long,
How suffering tends to make us strong.

On a white bed I learned how strong
The tides of Life can draw and pull
Old tired bodies back to earth,
(How kind is God . . . how merciful).
I learned new values as I lay
Where I had time to think . . . and pray.

"May I wish the nurses of St. Boniface
Hospital all that is good and kindly
and true.

A happy year and a "busy" one, joy in
their work, peace in their hearts."

—Edna Jaques.



Honorary Prizes

General Proficiency

Presented by St. Boniface Nurses' Alumnae

Awarded to
MAE CREELMAN

Charting

Presented by Dr. M. Rady

Awarded to
DOROTHY BINGHAM

Bedside Nursing

Presented by Dr. C. R. Rice

Awarded to
HELEN LINN

Highest Standing in Theory

Presented by Dr. J. D. Adamson

Awarded to
SUSIE DERKSEN

Obstetrical Nursing

Presented by the Obstetrical Staff

Awarded to
JEAN LYLYK

Executive Ability

Presented by Birks-Dingwall Ltd.

Awarded to
ELVA TAYLOR

Our Instructresses

BORN at Rocanville, Sask., Miss Goodman received her High School training there and then entered the Regina General Hospital, graduating in 1932. From there she went to McGill School for Graduate Nurses, McGill University, to take post-graduate work. After one year at McGill, Miss Goodman went to Lamont, Alta., where she was both Instructor and Assistant Superintendent of Nurses at Lamont Missionary Hospital for three years. Upon leaving there she went East to Oshawa, Ontario, and was Instructor and Superintendent of Nurses at Oshawa General Hospital for two years. With the completion of her duties at Oshawa she decided to take a year's rest, and then in November, 1941, came to St. Boniface as our Science Instructor.



MISS N. GOODMAN

MISS IDA TROENDLE

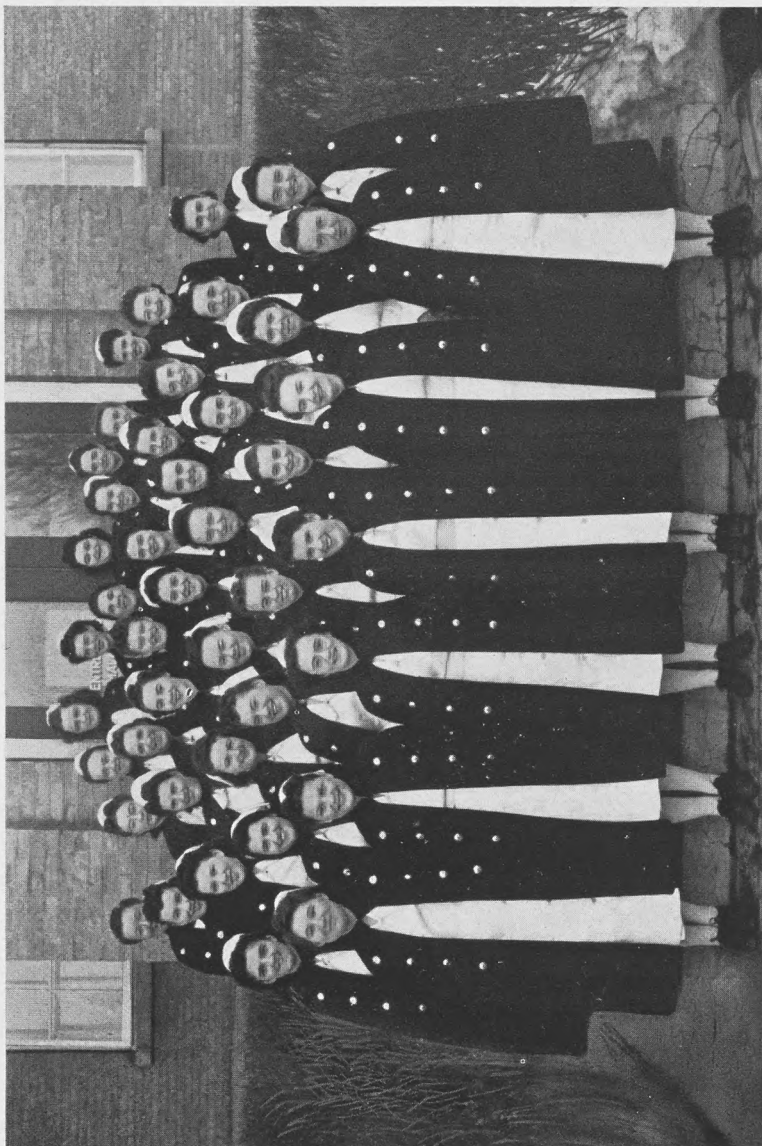
MISS Troendle was born at Windthorst, Sask., attended High School there and then went to Regina Normal School, graduating in 1930. She taught for two and a half years at Macklin, Sask., and then went to Lampman, Sask., where she taught for three years. However, teaching in Saskatchewan became very discouraging, due to the depression caused by repeated crop failures, so Miss Troendle decided to train for a nurse. She graduated from St. Boniface School of Nursing in the summer of 1940 and left that September to take a course in teaching Nursing Arts at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

Upon the completion of her course, Miss Troendle came back to St. Boniface Hospital and in January, 1941, accepted the position of Practical Instructor at St. Boniface School of Nursing, which position she still holds. Her ambition is to someday complete her B.Sc. in nursing.

NUTRITION LABORATORY, NURSES' RESIDENCE



CLASS OF 1943



Seventh Row (left to right) : A. Osberg, H. Wall, E. Wood, E. Hueston.
 Sixth Row: M. Gibson, S. Olson, A. Tingley, C. Fredrickson, E. McCormick.
 Fifth Row: J. Moroz, L. Mitchell, R. Solnes, J. Hammett, I. Carver, B. Collins, N. Edgar.
 Fourth Row: R. Russell, K. Kellin, L. Nadon, E. Collister, A. LeBlond, M. Macdonald, T. Menard.
 Third Row: M. Juno, M. Brust, P. Zakrison, M. Grayston, B. Pearson, F. Heidgerken.
 Second Row: E. Gauthier, B. Bourhis, A. Geenen, M. Kroecker, E. Gould, K. Dane, I. Hamilton.
 Front Row: I. Abrey, B. Warbanski, V. Wilson, E. Briant, C. Kinsey, F. Avery.

As We Go Along

Play, fun, diversion—we've had it all—from parties and gatherings among ourselves, to entertaining the Graduating class and sponsoring a Silver Tea. This tea was our contribution to the School Fund. In fact, it was we, the Second Year Students, to whom it was given the honor and responsibilities of making the Social debut of the Student Nurses of S. B. H. Heretofore our entertaining had been confined to ourselves only. With this honor entrusted to us and by the enthusiasm and co-operation of the girls we surpassed our modest aim.

Acting as hostesses to the Graduating class is a tradition handed down to us. There are two occasions upon which this custom prevails: one is a party, treat, or entertainment which both Graduates and Second Year Students attend—with the latter as escorts to the Guests of Honor. This year we all attended the Winter Ice Carnival. The second traditional event is the entertaining of the Graduates—and the whole school—at a breakfast held in the Nurses' Residence.

Our class parties were small and our gatherings modest, with no special color or spectacular occurrence, but they dotted the year with small frivolities in direct contrast to our daily tasks.

The last year has marked the last lap to some, it has been the building up to the Grande Finale of Graduation. May we Bluebands say farewell to our Seniors who have helped and guided us as companions and teachers. It is your turn to take and hold the Lamp of Service, the service to humanity for which these past three years you have been studying and striving. Good luck to you and may you enjoy success and happiness in your role as "Nurse".

The Second Year Nurses,

By C. KINSEY.

Do You Remember?

Feb. 7th, 1941: That very eventful day—it was Friday and the sun was shining. A class of girls—enthusiastic, excited, bewildered, entering a new phase of their lives—that of student nurses in the St. Boniface Hospital. We all know from experience the thoughts that ran through our minds, the sensation of entering the dining room for that first supper!—the impression of so many uniforms whose wearers seemed so collected and at home. We envied you older nurses. Then gradually unnoticed, even by ourselves, we too fell into the routine of institutional life.

June 3rd, 1941: Sitting in the parlour across from Sister Clermont's office. Each waiting our turn—"One has gone in"—"There—she's coming out—she has it—a cap." To us this meant the world, for now we were accepted—officially—as student nurses—no longer probationers.

July 6th, 1941: The celebration of receiving our caps—a party—picnic form at Shady Beach—dining, dancing, swimming, rowing—the last ship—and Miss Swaine and Miss Troendle frantically fighting mosquitoes and worriedly watching the river for sight of their escaped wards. It was a memorable evening—more deeply impressed by the mosquitoes, whose impression rankled for a week.

Feb. 4th, 1941: Our congratulatory party for the September members of our class on receiving their caps—whom we initiated with due ceremony in our recreation hall.

Feb. 11th, 1942: We are growing older and once more we are gathered in the parlour. This time we are to receive our blue bands, indicating one year's training—one year nearer our goal. And at this point we would like to both thank and congratulate the graduating class of 1942. . . . Thank them for helping us through our crucial moments during our probationary term—for helping us to adjust ourselves to ward duty and our new life—to congratulate you on becoming graduate nurses—and we wish each and everyone of you every success possible.

The First Year Nurses,

By G. HUTCHISON.

CLASS OF 1944



Sixth Row (left to right): J. Moorby, H. Taylor, D. McMain, E. Dobson, C. Reid, G. Hutchison.
 Fifth Row: L. Loven, A. Loudon, M. Boose, M. Funk, E. Fredlund, A. Gilman.
 Fourth Row: B. Lamontagne, M. Stolz, D. McVicar, S. Gage, I. Crittenden, M. Dunkerley,
 I. Skinner, C. Gannon.
 Third Row: K. MacDonald, L. Stewart, F. McTavish, P. Gallagher, M. Holland, J. Perrier,
 M. Mackenzie.
 Second Row: A. Engelsted, L. Glass, E. Hayes, E. Richter, C. Sweluk, T. Blais, L. Meek, C. Hawkes.
 Front Row: M. Leeson, J. Lanthier, C. Prior, M. McPherson, B. Currie, F. Arcand, G. Grant.

Our Nurses in South Africa

Springfield Military Hospital,
Durban, South Africa.

"We stayed in New York a week and had a marvellous time sight-seeing. On Saturday, November 22, we left on the S. S. Kawsar, an Egyptian boat of about 12,000 tons. The captain was Welsh, one of the officers Hungarian and the rest Egyptian; one doctor was Welsh and the other Jewish. The dining room stewards were Hindu, the room stewards Egyptian, the stewardesses Greek. The passengers were of every nationality—talk about the League of Nations!

"We made two stops, the first at Trinidad. Were we ever thrilled to see some green after our diet of blue sky and blue water! We didn't expect to be allowed to go ashore, but it was arranged for us to be taken around in groups. The island is very tropical and everyone seems to go about very slowly and leisurely. The women walk around with immense baskets on their heads. Everywhere there seemed to be little carts pulled by donkeys. The buildings were so open—no glass in any of the windows. There were lovely rock gardens, and so many trees and flowers! We saw banana trees and coconut palms. We enjoyed our stay at Trinidad, B. W. I., very much.

"Our other stop was Pernambuco. The houses here seemed much more substantial than those in Trinidad, but in some of the poorer sections we would see six to eight houses together. It seemed as though one very narrow house was built, and then others, still narrower, were built onto that. The roofs were all a different height and each house was painted a different color—it was positively weird! However the residential section was beautiful.

At Olinda, a Dutch town five miles from Pernambuco, we visited two beautiful churches with marvellous paintings on the walls and ceilings. We found it all very interesting.

"We had a very nice Christmas on board ship and landed in Capetown, the next day."

"We were met at the dock by women drivers and taken to Seahurst Military Hospital in St. James—a suburb about twenty miles from where we docked. The hospital faces on to the Indian Ocean. On our way to the hospital we stopped at the Cecil Rhodes Memorial and from here had a remarkable view of the countryside. We could see Table Mountain and The Lion. When the clouds hang low on Table Mountain it looks like a white tablecloth on the mountain.

"The highways here are beautiful.

"They have dual language in South Africa—all signs are written in English and Afrikaanse which is apparently a combination of English, Dutch, German, French, and native.

"We went to the Alexandria Club—a nurses' club of which we are honorary members—and then a Miss Gilchrist, who has a nursing home, took us for a lovely drive and then to a country club for tea. The people here are so friendly and seem even more hospitable than Manitobans, if that is possible.

"On New Year's Day we left for Durban the trip taking three days and two nights. We saw ruins of old Boer War forts along the way. Also, just before we reached Durban, we saw some beautiful scenery—The valley of the thousand hills, I think."

"At present we are stationed at Zonderwater Military Hospital. The climate here is much like our own—rain, thunder storms, and quite hot during the day. The land is very sandy. The people have quite a different sense of humor in comparison to ours, but I think we will like South Africa very much."

* * *

Editor's Note—The above is a summary of Miss Wastle's letters describing their trip to South Africa.

* * *

St. Boniface Graduates serving with the Nursing Sisters in South Africa:

Margaret Wastle, Oak Bluff, Man.

Grace Govenlock, Whitewood, Sask.

Eileen Morton, Lauder, Man.

Agnes Maloney, Manitou, Man.

Margaret Muir, Elphinstone, Man.

Jean Wheeler, Sedley, Sask.

TO ST. ROCH'S

I stood there utterly dumbfounded and read and reread the slip of paper I held in my hand—"You will go to St. Roch's in the morning." I couldn't believe it. Finally, I staggered upstairs and into my room, still unable to think properly.

My room-mate looked at me, then exclaimed in an alarmed voice, "What's wrong?"

I could not answer her.

"Are you sick?" she queried.

"No," I managed to stammer, and handed her the slip of paper.

"Well," she said disgustedly, "that's nothing. Everyone goes to the Roch."

"But I didn't expect it," I sighed.

"You're silly," she said, and continued to read her magazine.

Heavy hearted, I packed my suitcase and that night I went over to St. Roch's. Sister met me at the front office and took me up to the nurses' quarters on third floor. The rooms seemed so small and close together—everything seemed so strange. However, I put my belongings into the dresser drawer allotted to me and then went to bed and slept all night—as nurses always do.

Next morning we had breakfast in the little dining room and then went on duty. My work for the day was to follow a senior nurse and learn my technique. It all seemed so complicated, and furthermore, the hospital itself appeared to be a maze of corridors, doors, and angles—I felt lost. The word contamination echoed in my ears.

Next day I had my own patients and had to begin scrubbing each time I took a temperature, or made a bed, etc.

By the third day I realized that I liked the Roch! And that evening we had a party in the dining room which ended with tea cup reading—we really had fun.

After four weeks I went on night duty on Main floor—all by myself! I'll never forget that first night—I think every window rattled and every door squeaked before morning. After a few nights I was really enjoying it, and I delighted in pre-

paring our midnight lunch, which we usually ended with St. Roch's old standby—peanut butter and syrup!

And so my eight weeks at St. Roch's were gone before I knew it and on Sunday Sister told me I was to return to S. B. H. My reaction to coming to St. Roch's flashed through my mind—how ashamed I was now! "I'm sorry to leave, Sister," I said, and I meant it. "I've enjoyed my stay very much—here we are just one happy family."

F. E. T.

+

St. Roch's Technique

When itchy
No scratchy



+

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts, therefore guard accordingly; and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and reasonable nature.



What's in sight?
March! March! March!
Strolling in the park.
Together again.



What's the joke?
Tache sextette.
O. R. Graduates.



Hallowe'en hilarity.
Mrs. Murphy.
Going somewhere?
Christmas in 520.
'45, we hope.



March, '39.
Belles of St. Mary's.
Afternoon off—going
out?
Farewell to St. Roch's.



O. P. D. staff.
Calling Caroline.
In the Army now.



Tache Avenue.
Miss Hughes.
Dr. Backman.

Night-Time in the Day-Time

By I. M. GROUSING

NIGHT-TIME in the day-time begins with breakfast. This is a very delightful meal. The conversation is most stimulating. It consists of everybody telling everybody else what an awful night they had. This particular morning I am annoyed. The night had been quiet, too quiet. There were only two lights during the whole time I was on duty. I have no grievance to relate. Therefore I must take a back-seat in the conversation. For someone who likes to be a shining light at the table this is depressing. I get up and leave.

At the door I am met by someone who cheerfully inquires if there is any T. B. in the family, insinuating, I gather, that I look like it. This both appalls and intrigues me. On the way to the recreation hall I cough frantically and find that:

- (a) I have no pain in my chest,
- (b) that it is utterly impossible to bring up any sputum whatsoever—much less blood.

Vaguely disappointed I turn on the radio. This order of things takes place every morning—about the radio, I mean. I tell myself that I do this out of love of music, although what I listen to might make some wonder about my musical upbringing. Subconsciously I am aware that this procedure is born of a secret hope that the elevator will be running at 8:30. It isn't . . . Of my painful journey to the fifth floor I shall say nothing.

I get as far as removing my uniform when a "friend" suddenly appears from nowhere and proceeds to make herself at home on my bed . . .

"My goodness," she says, "your room is dirty! Don't you ever clean it?"

I refrain from telling her that strewing orange peel on the floor does not add to the general appearance and that she might offer me some. Instead, I mumble something about cleaning it when I get up.

"You always say that," she remarks cheerfully.

I instantly see that we are getting nowhere and frigidly suggest that she looks as if she needs a good sleep.

After her departure I do not leap into action as you might expect. Instead I hang my legs over the edge of the bed and consider the question of whether or not to have a bath; the nine o'clock buzzer rends the air. This is really what I've been waiting for. I crawl into bed to sleep. (Note, gentle reader, I said "to sleep," not "and sleep.")

Pretty soon something like this drifts through . . .

"Let's do something."

Me (mentally): "Now, who on earth is that?"

2nd Voice: "What, for instance?"

Me (m.): If I didn't look so terrible with my hair up, I'd come out and give you a suggestion or two.

1st Voice: "Well, let's go down to Norwood, or something."

2nd Voice: "Well, I'd like to . . ."

Me (m.): "Then for goodness' sake, why don't you?"

2nd Voice: ". . . but really I must study . . . do you know that I haven't made a single note in Nutrition?"

Me (m.): Do they have to yell like that?

1st Voice: "You can borrow mine if you like."

2nd Voice: "Thanks, that'd be swell . . . only I haven't any ink."

Me (m.): I wonder if that girl realizes what an awful voice she's got.

1st Voice: "Mary has some."

Me (m.): Traitor! . . . and I thought you were my friend . . .

2nd Voice: "Yes, but she's on nights and I'd hate like the dickens to wake her up."

Me (m.): Of course I'm sleeping peacefully through all this!

1st Voice: "She won't mind."

Me: Oh, No?

2nd Voice: "O Mary ! ! !"

Me (m.): Good Lord!

2nd Voice: "Have you any ink?"

Me (aloud): "YES,"

... Sounds as of an army approaching.

2nd Voice: "Where is it, in your desk?"

Me (aloud): "Yes."

2nd Voice: "Well, I guess I'd better be going ... Oh! You got your Pediatrics back! 87, eh? I got 92."

Me (a.): "Well, we can't all be as clever as you." (m.): Probably studied her fool head off.

... Pages being turned ...

2nd Voice: "Ha, ha, ha, don't you know that bread doesn't contain fat?"

Me (a.): Ha, ha, ha ... " (m.): If she doesn't go in another minute, I'll scream.

1st Voice (from hall): "Say, Anne, you'd

better come out of there ... it's after 9 o'clock."

Me (mentally): Well, thank goodness.

* * * *

The outcome of all this uncalled-for entertainment is that I go to sleep two hours behind schedule and wake up four hours later than I had planned ... with the following results:

(a) I miss my supper.

(b) My room remains dirty.

(c) My bed is not made.

... Which all goes to prove what most of you already know: Night nurses just aren't **supposed** to sleep in the day-time!

TEST-ITIS

Definition—An acute infectious, highly contagious disease characterized by extreme nervousness, failure of pen to decipher correct answers, resulting in many blank spaces on paper, irregular pulse-beat and symptoms of shock and collapse due to reading of questions.

Cause—Failure of student to study. Failure of student to pay attention to class.

Virus—Usually found in the brain of teachers.

Carriers—There are 25 to 90 students in every 100 who are known carriers.

Symptoms—Anxious look, worried expression, followed by a firm determination to study, refusal of brain to function, a group of students quizzing each other with a consequent jumbling of thoughts.

Incubation Period—Approximately 45 minutes.

Diagnosis—Made at a general teachers' meeting after observing pupils in the girls' lounge prior to a test.

Complications—Injury to nerve centers due to over-exercise, brain tumor, waste of paper, ink and time, writer's cramp, worry and collapse, which causes many unavoidable (?) absences.

Treatment—Beginning to study about five weeks before test, do your home work, stay in nights, and concentrate on your lesson. Obtain a unanimous promise of teachers not to give more tests. Ha! Ha!

Mortality Rate—Patients seldom die except from shock due to getting a passing mark on test.

THE GLEE CLUB

The most recent of our school activities has been the organization of a Glee Club. At a general meeting held in January, the following officers were elected:

President M. Snyder

Vice-President A. LeBlond

Secretary-Treas. T. Rollefson

Under the leadership of Mr. Marius Benoit the Club met every Thursday evening during the winter months. Misses Creelman, Mitchell and Carver assisted Mr. Benoit as pianists. A good variety of songs were chosen, three of which are being prepared for the Graduation Exercises.

We hope that the girls will continue to give the Club their enthusiastic support and with an earlier start next season the year should be most successful.

STAFF NURSES



Back Row (left to right) : V. Reddaway, E. Staples.
 Centre Row: J. Aubin, L. L'Ecuier, M. Tulloch, D. Webster, H. Fairbairn.
 Front Row: M. Rungay, E. Phaneuf, D. MacDonald, Z. Beattie, A. Merlevede, P. Graham, H. Gilmore.

OUR ALUMNAE

ALUMNAE meetings are held every second Wednesday of the month, and we would like to take this opportunity of extending a sincere welcome to all our St. Boniface Graduates.

ALUMNAE OFFICERS

<i>Honorary President</i>	REV. SISTER SUPERIOR
<i>Honorary Vice-President</i>	MRS. W. CROSBY
<i>President</i>	MRS. McELHERAN
<i>First Vice-President</i>	MISS S. WRIGHT
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	MISS W. GRICE
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	MISS H. FAIRBAIRN
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	MISS D. WEBSTER
<i>Treasurer</i>	MISS H. OLIVER
<i>Archivist</i>	MISS MARGASON
<i>Advisory Committee</i>	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; vertical-align: middle; margin-right: 5px;">{</div> <div> MISS B. McCALLUM MRS. McELHERAN MISS GREVILLE MRS. L'EUCYER REV. SISTER SUPERIOR </div> </div>
<i>Sick Visiting</i>	MISS JOHNSON
<i>Social and Program</i>	MISS RUNGAY
<i>Membership</i>	MISS VANDECAR
<i>Rep. to Canadian Nurse</i>	MISS WATSON
<i>Rep. to M. A. R. N.</i>	MISS TROENDLE
<i>Rep. to Man. Directory</i>	MRS. SHIMNOSKI
<i>Rep. to Local Council of Women</i>	MRS. SHANKMAN

'Twas The Night Before Graduation



'Twas the night before graduation, when all through the home,
Illusions, delusions, amongst us did roam.
Bibs and aprons were hung in the closet with care,
In hopes that medals, black bands, soon would be there.
The nurses were nestled all snug in their beds,
While many hallucinations danced in their heads,
My room-mate in her curlers, I in my face cream,
Had just settled our brains for a pre-grad dream,
When out in the hall there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter
Then I unlocked my door and looked down the corridor
The scene before me filled me with horror!
One lass in her uniform with pins everywhere,
Was gasping, and sighing and tearing her hair.
When she ran out of pins she had used some string,
And at 12 p.m. she was still in the thing!
Her room-mate and neighbors from across the hall,
Were tired by this time—and getting nowhere at all.
The two of us immediately went to their aid
Of failure to help them, we were most afraid.
But this thing we knew: to sleep that night
We had to win out in this pin, string fight!
With renewed vigor our task was begun,
Magically pins came out, one by one
The knots in the string were finally untied,
Soon our success was wearily espied.
But would you believe it? When that was done,
This lady said now her work was begun!
Before she could undress and get into bed,
She had to brush, comb, and curl her wee head.
This was too much! We all felt weak
Out of my room-mate came a weird little squeak.
We sleepily said "Good night" and then,
I looked at my watch—one o'clock and ten!
Once more we were nestled all snug in our beds,
While visions of pins danced in our heads.
When all of a sudden out of the night,
Came another noise to give us a fright,
My room-mate was out of bed in such a hurry
To the scene of disaster I thought she'd scurry.
But no, she made her bed and started to dress,
What her plans were, I could not guess.
But then came the worst surprise of all,
I went to glance at the clock in the hall.
To my amazement, I soon found out
It was the buzzer this time that rooted me out.

THURA ROLLEFSON.



TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR STUDENT NURSES

1. In the early watches of the morning when thou hearest the bell ringing thou shouldst roll over and keep in mind that the hour drawest near when thou shouldst rise.

2. Thou must not waste any time sitting on thy bedside, lest thou be late for breakfast.

3. Thou shalt then take thyself unto the place set apart for cleanliness and if thou feelest that thy system can stand the strain, thou shalt wash thyself, fore and aft even unto thine ears and neck.

4. Then shalt thou masticate thy food on the run and appear alongside thy sisters in the halls of learning.

5. In the course of the day thou shalt attend to all thy duties even unto those thou dost not take a liking to.

6. Thou shalt if thou feelest in the need of more work to do, search for such, for he that looketh shall surely find.

7. Remember it is thy duty to return such favors that be received, for she that taketh and returneth not, shall not be held in high esteem amongst her sisters.

8. Thou shalt hold thy teachers in high esteem so long as they have their eyes on thy humble self.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor when caught together doing mischief, for I say unto you, woe unto ye tattlers of tales for vengeance is mine.

10. When the doomsday of ye student nurses shall come, then shall the thunders of well earned retribution roll about the heads of the unjust while the just shall pass on to the honor of graduation.

ANTISEPTIC BABIES

The antiseptic baby
And the prophylactic pup
Were playing in the garden
When the bunny gambolled up.

They gazed upon the creature
With a loathing undisguised:
It wasn't disinfected
And it wasn't sterilized.

They said he was a microbe
And a Hotbed of disease,
So they boiled him in a vapor
Of a thousand odd degrees.

They froze him in a freezer
That was cold as banished hope,
And they washed him in permanganate
With carbolated soap.

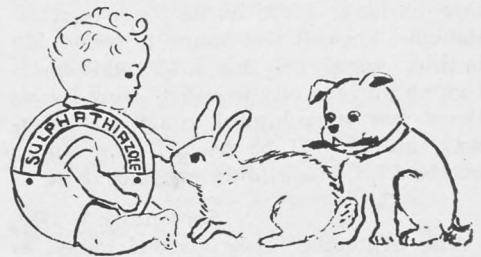
In sulphuretted hydrogen
They steeped his wiggly ears
They trimmed his fuzzy whiskers
With a pair of hardboiled shears.

Then they donned their rubber mittens
And took him by the hand
And elected him a member
Of the fumigated band.

There is not a micrococcus
In the garden where they play
They bathe in pure iodoform
A dozen times a day.

And each imbibes his ration
From a hygienic cup . . .
The bunny and the baby
And the prophylactic pup.

Arthur Guiterman.



LINES FROM A STUDENT NURSE'S DIARY

March 7, 1939.

It is 9.30 p.m. and I am so very tired. I arrived at the Nurses' Home about 2.30 this afternoon, after a tiring 14-hour ride on the train. There were 32 of us altogether and one by one we were welcomed by the Superintendent of Nurses, Rev. Sr. Clermont, and her assistant, Sr. Dion. Following this, Mrs. Murphy, the housekeeper, took us through the home, from the basement to the fifth floor. What a huge place to live in! I'm sure I'll get lost. She also took us to our rooms; they are very nice and such a lovely view I have from my window, which faces toward the Red River! At 6.00 we had supper and then spent the evening unpacking our trunks and getting settled, so now I am ready for a good night's sleep. Just think, I am about to start my new venture—training for a nurse!

May 24, 1939.

Their Majesties the King and Queen arrived in Winnipeg this morning on their tour across Canada and United States. They drove around the hospital driveway so we had an excellent view of them. Some of us were stationed along the street to protect the children in case of accidents in the huge crowds.

July 1, 1939.

The final examinations for our preliminary term are over and the results are out. I passed, and got my cap this afternoon. Oh! I am so happy—just to think I am now a first year nurse! I must write home and tell them the good news.

September 3, 1939.

"Britain declared war on Germany," we heard the newspaper boys shouting this morning. I can hardly believe it although I knew it was bound to come. My brother wired me this afternoon—he is coming into the city to enlist. How I wish there was something I could do. Anyway, nurses will be needed later on so maybe I'll be able to do my part then.

September 7, 1939.

The September class arrived today, 34 of them. It does feel good to think we are not probationers any more.

October 31, 1939.

The nurses had a Hallowe'en party tonight—the first social function we have been asked to participate in. It was held down in the recreation hall and we had so much fun. Each group was asked to help with the program. Our class impersonated "An Old Maid's Tea Party," which brought peals of laughter from the audience.

December 23, 1939.

We had our Christmas concert tonight—the second year nurses put on a play and the third year nurses a doll dance. We took part in the carol singing in the pageant which closed the program. The September class are getting two weeks' holiday and they leave tomorrow. I only wish I were going too!

December 25, 1939.

My first Christmas away from home and I had dreaded it so much, but I really had an enjoyable day. At 2 a.m. after Mass, we all met in the dining room for lunch and to exchange greetings. The room was tastefully decorated with Christmas motifs—candles, etc., and a real Christmas spirit was in the air. Today we had four hours off and most of the girls went out to have dinner with friends. I had a "3 off" so was able to spend the afternoon and evening with Aunt and Uncle. A lot of the girls have decorated their rooms so nicely with trees, fireplaces, streamers, etc.

January 7, 1940.

The September class returned from their vacation today and received their caps tonight. They were so thrilled.

July 11, 1940.

We had an 11 o'clock leave tonight so our class went on a hike, followed by a weiner roast on the opposite bank of the river. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves.

September 1, 1940.

The fall term opened today with Miss Swaine as our new instructor. Miss Roach has accepted a position in New York. Miss McFarlane returned as Mrs. Kurtze, to be practical instructor until Christmas.

October 31, 1940.

We had our annual Hallowe'en party tonight in the Auditorium of the O. P. D. We played bingo, danced, had lunch, etc. The costumes were a riot—everything from wash cloths to evening gowns.

December 20, 1940.

Mrs. Kurtze left our midst today to join Dr. Kurtze in Regina. We presented her with a carving set as a small token of appreciation for her work amongst us. We hear Miss I. Troendle is to replace her after the Yew Year.

December 23, 1940.

Our second Christmas concert was held tonight. We presented a radio program entitled "The Foot Comfort Hour" over radio station S. B. H. with Hazel Howson as announcer, and featuring Pat's Rhythm Queens. Our instruments were Kazoos which were skillfully disguised in huge paper instruments. Irene McEwen was the "pest" and provided a great deal of laughter for all. Our sponsors were "The Hirts Insole Company," makers of "Hirts Treasure-tread Insoles for Tired Tootsies."

March 7, 1941.

The March class received their yellow bands today and in honor of the occasion, had a theatre party this evening.

March 28, 1941.

Tonight we, the second year nurses, entertained the graduating class at the Winnipeg Roller Skating Carnival, followed by dinner at Moore's. We had a very nice time.

November 3, 1941.

Miss Goodman arrived today to replace Miss Swaine as instructor.

January 30, 1942.

Tonight we had our last class party before the March girls finish. We had a Roller Skating Party, after which we had lunch at the Mall Hotel. A chartered bus provided transportation for the group.

March 2, 1942.

This evening the second year nurses entertained us, the graduating class, by taking us to the Winnipeg Ice Carnival. Following this we went to Child's Restaurant for lunch. The table appointments were small gold doilies tied with blue ribbons, and each of us was presented with a corsage of daffodils tied with blue bows. We had a most enjoyable evening.

May 6, 1942.

Today is Graduation Day! I can't believe it! I am so excited I don't know which way to turn. "THE DAY" for which we have patiently waited for three long years has really come. Our training days are over and we now go out into the world, somewhat saddened, yet satisfied to know that we have made some lasting friendships during our stay here. We are now prepared to go forth and render skilled and intelligent service to our fellow men—we are graduates!

THE LITTLE THINGS

Oh, it's just the little homely things,
The unobtrusive, friendly things,
The "won't-you-let-me-help-you" things
That make our pathway light;
And it's just the jolly, joking things,
The "laugh-with-me-it's-funny" things
That make the world seem bright,
For all the countless famous things,
The wond'rous record-breaking things,

Those "never-can-be-equalled" things,
That all the papers cite,
Are not like little human things,
The "every-day-encountered" things,
That make us happy quite.
So here's to all the little things,
The "done-and-then-forgotten" things,
Those "oh-it's-simply-nothing" things,
That makes life worth the fight.
—From "Young Soldier and Crusader."

A NURSE'S ROOM



PRAYER FOR A TIRED NURSE

I'm awfully tired, Lord, of beds
And bandages and broken heads,
Of babies, bed pans, temps and charts,
Ailing lungs and leaking hearts.
Your wisdom, Lord, I wouldn't question,
But let me offer this suggestion:
To make the world a better place
Why not create a newer race?
One that will be, O Lord, quite free
Of germs and bacteriology;
To whom a hospital will be
A bit of ancient history.
Make these ultra moderns, please,

Impervious to all disease
And their stomachs of such stuff
That nothing will be strong enough
To do much damage; I suggest
Steel, or copper may be best,
Make their hearts and lungs so strong
That nothing ever can go wrong
And their heads so tough, O Lord
They can't be broken with a board;
Then of course you'll have to make
Arms and legs that will not break.
And make . . . but, what would I do then?
Oh leave it as it is. . . . Amen.

—From "The Trained Nurse".

OUT OF THE NIGHT

The halls were deserted,
The buzzer had rung,
Each nurse in her wee room
Her sleep had begun.

How quiet and ghostly
Each floor did appear,
But down in the basement—
It waited, I fear.

For 'round about two—
With abominable glee—
There sounded a gong
That awoke even me!

The Fire Bell rang—
It just screamed in our ears,
Till we ran from our rooms . . .
Some were even in tears!

Each girl in a housecoat,
A comical lot—
Curlers and hairpins,
Face cream, what not!

Now here was a let-down—
No glamour, I fear.
But, what was the cause
Of us all being here?

Unhappy misfortune!
No fire had occurred—
A mistake by the watchman
Caused all that we'd heard.

What a waste of our time,
And 'midst mutters and groans,
We staggered upstairs
To our warm little homes!

We'll always hate buzzers
That interrupt sleep.
When we're far from this home
This one memory we'll keep.

—L. J. OTTLEY.

THE WEDDING

The utility room on Joan of Arc was the scene of a very pretty wedding, Friday morning, May 1, when Miss Kidney Basin and Mr. Forceps were united in marriage.

The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Foment. She was charmingly attired in a gown of white granite piped with blue, and a floor-length veil of white gauze. She carried a bouquet of Mercurochrome roses.

She was attended by Miss Sponge Dish and Miss Compress Can, who were also dressed in plain white granite relieved only by their gorgeous bouquets of Gentian Violets. The groom, with a Calomine carnation in his lapel, was attended by Mr. Clip Remover.

During the signing of the register Miss Sterilizer sang "Oh Promise Me", accompanied by Mr. Steam Pipe at the organ.

The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful necklace of amyl nitrate pearls, while the bride's gift to the groom was a Bluestone ring.

The reception was held in the Doctor's Room. The table was centred with a three-tiered cake, delicately iced with Lassar's paste, and decorated with Belladonna leaves.

After a short honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Forceps will reside in the third cupboard, St. Joseph's.



1941 Review

JEAN COLLINS	Clanwilliam, Man.	Specialing at S. B. H.
MILDRED CLARKE	Bowsman River, Man.	Madison, Wisconsin.
WILMA SIRETT	Minnedosa, Man.	Boulevard Hospital, New York.
LOUISE IRVING	Elkhorn, Man.	Winnipeg, Man.
CECILE SAVAGE	Fisher Branch, Man.	O. P. D., St. Boniface.
AUDREY ARMSTRONG	Boissevain, Man.	Trans-Canada Airways.
MARGUERITE CAMPBELL	Lac du Bonnet, Man.	Winnipeg, Man.
IRENE CAREFOOT	Virden, Man.	Steinbach, Man.
BETH CRAIG	Foam Lake, Sask.	Mrs. F. Maxfield, Simpson, Sask.
ANN DUNCAN	Winnipeg, Man.	Children's Hospital, Winnipeg.
ELISS FENSON	Yorkton, Sask.	Mrs. Forbes, Winnipeg.
MARION FYFE	Crystal City, Man.	Mrs. K. Riley, Kenora, Ont.
EILEEN GRAHAM	Carman, Man.	Winnipeg, Man.
FRANCES GERDIS	Regent, Man.	Portland, Oregon.
SUSIE HOOD	Grenfell, Sask.	Grenfell, Sask.
GRACE HOLLAND	Maryfield, Sask.	Specialing at S. B. H.
BETTY LAIDLAW	Summerbury, Sask.	Gravelbourg, Sask.
ROSE LAMPORT	Melita, Man.	Patient at St. Vital San.
ETHEL MORTON	Two Creeks, Man.	St. Anne's Ward, S. B. H.
DOROTHY McDONALD	Whitewood, Sask.	Normant Ward, S. B. H.
CLAIRE McGRATH	Moose Jaw, Sask.	Merritt, B. C.
MERLE McLAUGHLIN	Plumas, Man.	Vancouver, B. C.
NORMA NELSON	Herbert, Sask.	Winnipeg, Man.
JEANNE PARENT	Sedley, Sask.	McGill University, Montreal.
MARION PAYANT	Assiniboia, Sask.	Assinobia, Sask.
ANNE POLLOCK	Wadena, Sask.	O. P. D., St. Boniface.
ELIZABETH REIMER	Steinbach, Man.	Mrs. Friesen, Plum Coulee, Man.
MYRTLE SAVAGE	Virden, Man.	Virden, Man.
ELINOR STAPLES	Angusville, Man.	Operating Room, S. B. H.
JEAN WHEELER	Sedley, Sask.	Capetown, South Africa.
NANCY WOZNESENSKY	Abernethy, Sask.	University of Minnesota.
LAURA THUOT	Meyronne, Sask.	Gravelbourg, Sask.
ALICE MERLEVEDE	Winnipeg, Man.	Joan of Arc Ward, S. B. H.
UNA BINKLEY	Shaunavon, Sask.	Rapid City, U. S. A.
AUDREY BRANION	Saltcoats, Sask.	Specialing at S. B. H.
PHYLLIS BUTTON	Herschel, Sask.	Specialing at S. B. H.
MAY CLARKE	Ninette, Man.	Winnipeg, Man.
MARY DELAMATER	Oak River, Man.	Neepawa, Man.
CLARA DE PAPE	Swan Lake, Man.	Night Staff, S. B. H.
REV. SR. AUBRY	St. Boniface, Man.	St. Anne's Ward, S. B. H.
RACHEL DELICHTE	Indian Springs, Man.	Winnipeg, Man.
ANDREA DE LA BARRIERE	Transcona, Man.	Night Staff, S. B. H.
HELEN EGGLETON	Leslie, Sask.	St. Boniface, Man.
ROBERTA FULTON	Biggar, Sask.	Winnipeg, Man.
JEANNETTE GAGNE	Fort Francis, Ont.	La Verendrye Hospital, Fort Francis, Ont.
LOTTIE GERRISH	Melfort, Sask.	Winkler, Man.
JESS HASKELL	Lintlaw, Sask.	St. Boniface, Man.
RUTH JOHNSTONE	Gull Lake, Sask.	Union Hosp., Gull Lake, Sask.
ERNA KLASSEN	Winnipeg, Man.	Winkler, Man.
DOROTHY SHEPHERD	Norwood, Man.	St. Anne's Ward, S. B. H.
HELEN MCLEOD	The Pas, Man.	Flin, Flon, Man.
MILDRED McEACHERN	Winnipeg, Man.	Winnipeg, Man.
JEAN ORCHARD	Swan River, Man.	Steinbach, Man.
EVELYN PHANEUF	Norwood, Man.	St. Mary's Ward, S. B. H.
FLORENCE ROBSON	Melfort, Sask.	Winnipeg, Man.
JEANNE ROUSSEAU	Prince Albert, Sask.	Prince Albert, Sask.
EDNA SANDS	Alameda, Sask.	St. Vital Sanatorium.
DOROTHY SCHMIDT	Herschel, Sask.	Winnipeg, Man.
EVA TOEWS	Steinbach, Man.	Steinbach, Man.
MARY WATSON	St. Vital, Man.	St. Boniface Hospital.

THE NURSE IS THY SHEPHERD

The poor are my patients, they shall not
want,

I maketh them to lie down in warm
blankets.

I feed them thro' glass tubes,

And teacheth them the ways of the
Hospital for their own sake.

Yea, though they sleep in plaster casts
and splints

They shall feel no pain.

My dope and my smile shall comfort them.

I prepare my hypo's in the presence of a
Doctor,

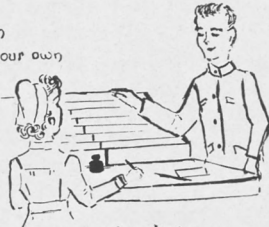
I anoint their backs with alcohol.

Surely thermometers and groans will fol-
low me all the days of my life.

And I will dwell in a uniform forever.

Our Nurse

Has got a charming disposition
That makes you think she's all your own
But she does a rapid calculation
On a pulse rate — not your own.



Housemen are advantages
And help the nurse out — ?
But when orders take up pages!
I doubt it — they're not.

When making rounds with the Doctor
She's so careful and exact,
A perfect exhibition
Of discretion — plus tact.



And when from duty she relaxes
In a roadster — if there's one
You can bet she knows the questions
And the answers to everyone.

Farewell, Graduates

(From your School)

Go!
I have coddled you enough;
I have shown you how other nurses
Have lived and learned;
I have shown you what they have done
and achieved,
In spite of obstacles;
I have shown you how nurses think and feel;
I have told you how nurses of other climes
and other nations
Have dreams and aspirations
Not so alien to your own.
We have walked with Anatomy,
We have discussed Psychiatry
And fought with Ophthalmology!
Together we have reasoned with the
muddled Orthopedics.
But now you must
Go!
I cannot shelter you any longer
Do not stand so hesitant on the
Threshold of life!
You are young,
You are armed with knowledge, with
Understanding, gleaned
From those mortals of past ages
Who wrote their triumph, their errors,
their desires, their despairs
For all to see
Athwart the pages
Of history;
And now—
Adieu.
I have prepared you
For what is to come;
I have given your resistance
And sympathy and tolerance along
With your
Ambition.
Now—
I give you to the world.

* * *

(Altered from original by A. C. Green—EDITOR.)



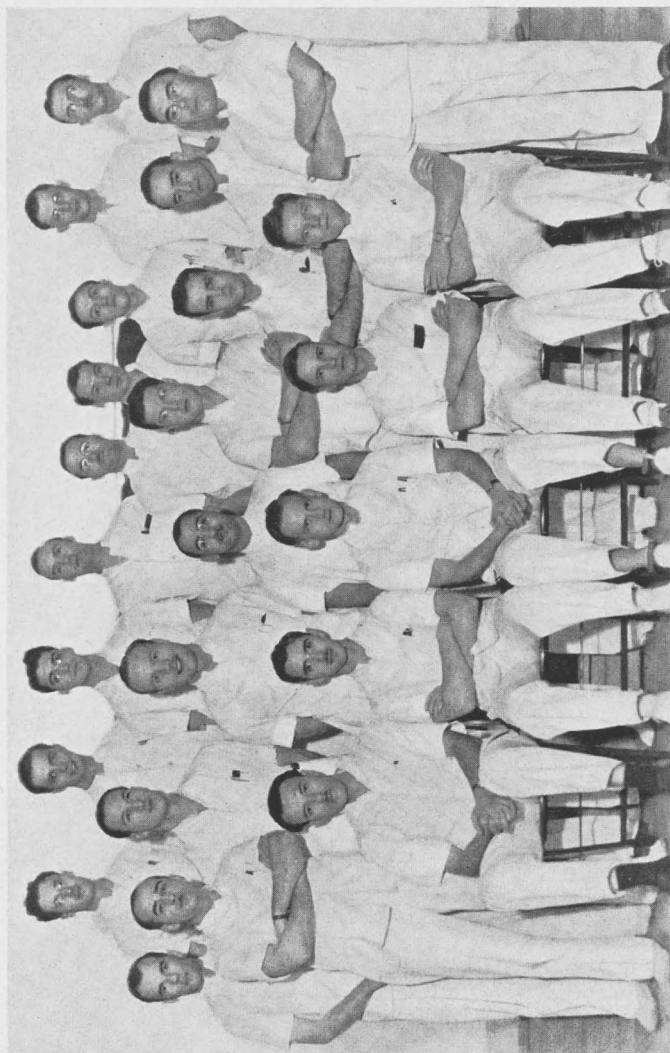
INTERNES' RESIDENCE

The Interne

I'll never take a chance at doing surgery
I hate the very thought of gynecology;
 As for doing ear, eye and nose
 I might as well assume the pose
Of specializing in neurology.

I know I can never like obstetrics
Nor have I any skill for orthopedics;
 But things I read in children's eyes
 Show me the field I'll specialize,
I know I'll be "all there" in pediatrics.

INTERNES



Back Row (left to right): A. Portugal, M. Ranosky, M. Katz, C. Comrie, S. Fainstein, G. Fraser, C. Johnston, R. Watkins, P. Kasian.
 Middle Row: M. Hodgson, J. Mugan, C. McCallum, F. Franks, I. Mazerovsky, M. Malone, A. Little, E. Brown, R. Jacques.
 Front Row: M. Carbotte, D. Hastings, H. Hurst, L. Beckstead, C. Moore.

The Internes

WITHOUT exception the life of every nurse is blighted by the presence of these people in white. Someone has described the Internes as those who are enthusiastic, humble and polite for three months; overbearing, rude and lazy for the other nine. Whether this is true or not, seems a matter of great dispute; but it can be safely stated that no two internes are alike. Each has something which no one else has. This will be an attempt to picture whatever has been characteristic of each interne in S. B. H.:

- MOORE, CHRISTOPHER HALLIDAY—Resident in Medicine, 1941-42. Resident in Surgery, 1942-43. The professional (and moral) advisor of all those young juniors who tend to tread on the thinner ice. "Don't do as I do, but do as I say."
- BECKSTEAD, LEWIS—Rotating Senior, 1941-42. Lew doesn't appreciate questions concerning the welfare of his grandparents after a week-end visiting with his grandfather(?)? A very enthusiastic and interested senior.
- HASTINGS, DONALD—Rotating Senior, 1941-42. Don's a dandy boy. Gave a great many nurses their introduction to really big surgery.
- HIRT, HARRY—Rotating Senior, 1941-42. R. C. A. F. Flying Officer Hirt is the man with the very deep voice and the Cockney (cock-eyed) sense of humor. A musician, an artiste and an idealist.
- HURST, HAROLD G.—Rotating Senior, 1941-42. "Just what do you consider is the general opinion of the public?" Seems very amused at times.
- CARBOTTE, MARCEL—Rotating Senior, 1941-42. Pierre is from the French quarter. He firmly believes that nothing shall ever replace the "champagne culture."
- PORTIGAL, AUBIE—Junior Interne, 1941-42. Rather quiet on the wards, but what a lot of things run through his mind.
- KATZ, MAX—Junior Interne, 1941-42. The musician-doctor. Often called the Lullaby-boy from the drought area.
- MALONE, MAURICE C. — Junior Interne, 1941-42. Irishman No. 1. Eternal optimist. "Unborn Tomorrow, and dead Yesterday. Why fret about them if Today be sweet?" Rotating Senior, 1942-43.
- MUGAN, JOHN FRANCIS McKENTY—Junior Interne, 1941-42. Irishman No. 2. Eternal pessimist. Has lost a good many years worrying about the morals and destinies of all internes.
- MAZEROVSKY, IRWIN H.—Junior Interne, 1941-42. "Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much."
- JOHNSTON, CHARLES M.—Junior Interne, 1941-42. It hurts his pride to think that he is even smaller than Little. Rotating Senior, 1942-43.
- McCALLUM, COCKBURN — Junior Interne, 1941-42. "Well, I can't understand that—I was in all evening and they didn't even call me!"
- KASIAN, PETER — Junior Interne, 1941-42. The obstetrician and gynecologist of the now famous Transcona Clinic.
- HODGSON, MURRAY—Junior Interne, 1941-42. The surgeon, orthopedist and yodeller of the Transcona Clinic. The interne who believes in rising early, but that's all.
- COMRIE, CLIFFORD—Junior Interne, 1941-42. The third of the Transcona trio. Will probably handle dermatology and all neurotic females. Just loves those "brawling brats" on St. Louis.
- WATKINS, ROBERT—Junior Interne, 1941-42. Probably knows lots, but says less than anyone else.
- FRASER, GORDON—Junior Interne, 1941-42. Seems that calls have interfered to some extent with Gord's routine, but he doesn't refuse to take them.
- FAINSTEIN, SAUL—Junior Interne, 1941-42. "Love is for unlucky folk. Love is but a curse." That is the propaganda Saul tries to spread. He's an underminer and a blower-upper.

FRANKS, FREDERICK—Junior Interne, 1941-42. It's doubtful whether Fred or Mugan is ahead in the race for complete alopecia. Every hair off the head means a dollar in the bank. So if you are looking for money—Fred has plenty. Rotating Senior, 1942-43.

BROWN, EVERARD G.—Junior Interne, 1941-42.

"If I should labor through daylight and dark—

Consecrate, valorous, serious, true,
Then on the world I would blazen my mark.

And what if I don't and what if I do?"

JACQUES, ROBERT—Junior Interne, 1941-42. The family man. "Or if I blush when thou shalt call me Tit-ta or Daddy."

RANOSKY, MICHAEL—Junior Interne, 1941-42. The photographer of S. B. H. One of the better connoisseurs of food.

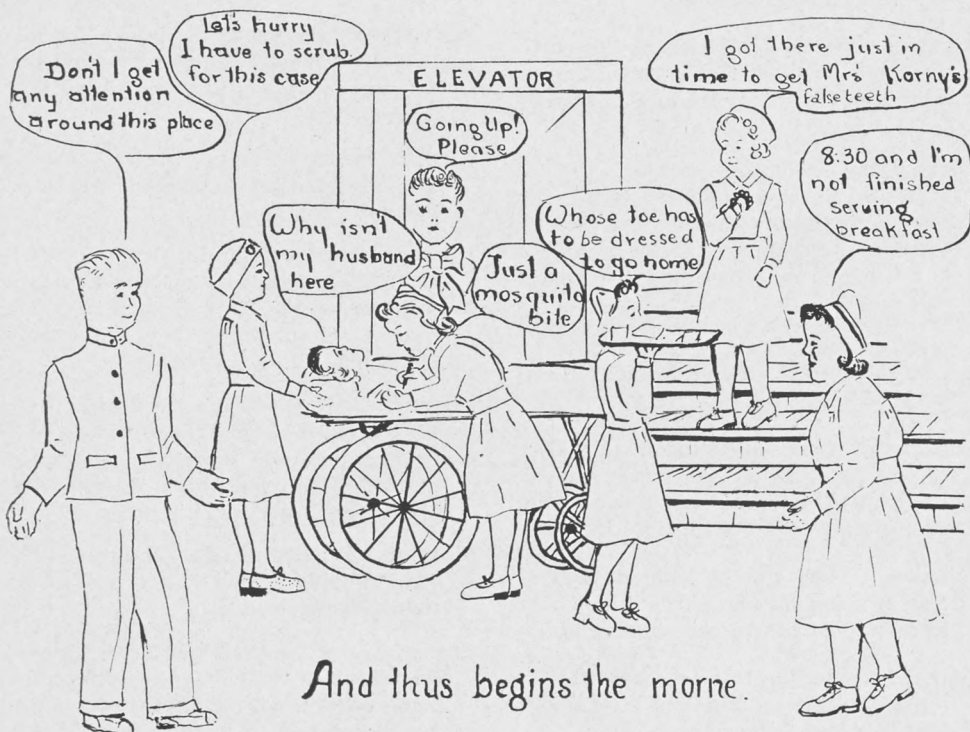
"We've all things that's meat, and mostly in season,

But why always bacon?—come, give me a reason."

Rotating Senior, 1942-43.

LITTLE, ADAM S.—Junior Interne, 1941-42.

"Not by their size alone do we judge men and things." A great believer in the other way of treating acute appendicitis. Resident in Medicine, 1942-43.





*Home on holidays.
Wide open spaces.*



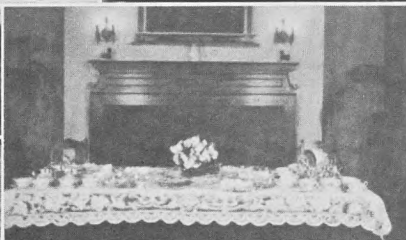
*Cantering at Cambridge.
Over her shoulder.
Such temptation!*



Through the window.



*Three of a kind.
Be back by ten!
He's waiting in the
parlor!*



*S. B. H. on the air.
Tea time.*



*Last of the appendix.
Dr. Hirt's office.*

In Memoriam



DR. S. G. HERBERT

Graduation

IT seems but a short time ago that you and I, the nurses-in-training at St. Boniface Hospital, first met when we came here as probationers to this institution. Our three years have been rich in opportunities which we hope we have accepted to the fullest. May they help us as we travel onward, so that we may assume a greater responsibility and try to render a fuller, richer service.

Today we stand at the peak of a happy past and an unknown future. After three short years together we now step out into the world—what the future holds we do not know, but one thing is certain: every new gift that our profession gives us, brings with it a new opportunity.

Our future, too, we hope, will be successful and happy; we know that this depends largely on ourselves, but we must not forget those whose careful guidance and teaching have made us what we are today. Sister Superior, Sister Clermont, Sister Dion, Sister Pilon and our ward supervisors who have so willingly devoted their time to us; Miss Roach, Mrs. Kurtze, Miss Swaine, Miss Troendle, Miss Goodman and our doctors, we have found to be true friends and teachers. Our debt to you is great, and while we must have been very trying at times, we hope you will forgive us, and we trust that in the years to come we may show you, in a satisfactory manner, that we have benefitted by your teaching. To you we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks.

During the past three years many lasting and happy friendships have been formed, and though we depart today somewhat saddened to know that this is the last time we will all be together, may we go forth determined to show the world that “We will not fail or falter; we shall not weaken or tire,” but continue to carry the high ideals which have been set before us during our stay at St. Boniface Hospital.

Farewell now, friends, and may we leave this gathering today and go out into the world to serve mankind, with high hopes for the future and courage in our hearts.

*“Each is given a book of rules,
A mass of stone and a box of tools,
And each must make 'ere life has flown
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.”*

RHETA A. LAWSON.



ECHOES FROM THE CORRIDORS

Howson: "Is it 9.30? I must hurry."

Bradshaw: "Let me know when you're finished on the phone."

Bingham: "I'm going to bed early tonight."

"Anyone going out tonight? I want a coke, please."

"Keep quiet . . . the night nurses are trying to sleep."

Lazenby: "Can I have the tub now?"

"Have you got anything to eat?"

"Did you just get off duty?"

"Did my buzzer ring?"

It was his first airplane ride, and he had only been up three or four minutes when the pilot began laughing. "Is it worth repeating?" he asked, glad for a diversion.

"Sure," said the pilot, turning half way around in his seat, "I'm just thinking—tee hee hee—of the expression on their faces—tee hee hee—at the asylum when they find I've escaped."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never hath turned his head and said, "Hmmm, not bad!"

Miss Creech: "You ought to take chloroform."

Miss Mason: "Yeh? Who teaches it?"

Patient (in waiting room of doctor's office): "How do you do?"

Second Patient: "So-so. I'm aching from neuritis."

First Patient: "Glad to meet you. I'm Mendelbaum from Chicago."

He rocked the boat,
Did Ezra Shank;
These bubbles mark

O
O
O
O
O

Where Ezra sank.

Mountain Guide: "Be careful not to fall here. It's dangerous. But if you do fall, remember to look to the left. You get a wonderful view."

Miss Troendle: "You can ask a question, but make it short."

Kay MacDonald: "Well, when a doctor gets sick and another doctor doctors him, does the doctor doing the doctoring have to doctor the doctor the way the doctor being doctored wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring of the doctor doctor as he wants to doctor?"

Kittleston: "What is Protoplasm?"

Miss Goodman: "Protoplasm is living matter in a cell."

Kitty: "Oh, I see—a jailbird."

Eileen: "Why do you speak so hoarsely?"

Bess: "I was talking through a screen door and strained my voice."

Maurice: "But doctor, I've been holding my tongue out for five minutes now and you're not looking at it."

Doctor: "Oh, I just wanted a few moments quiet while I wrote out the prescription."

Moffitt (at the photographer's): "Hurry and take the picture before the curl goes out of my hair."

Miss Placed: "What did you do before you came here?"

Miss Fortune: "I took medicine for one year."

Miss P.: "And you feel better now?"

Dr. Kobrinsky: Will you students in the back of the room please stop exchanging notes?"

"They aren't notes, sir, they're cards. We're playing bridge."

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

It had been a hard day and Dr. Hossack was tired.

"Any more patients?" he asked Miss Tulloch.

"Yes," she said, "there's a woman who says she is troubled by a dual personality."

"Aw rats!" said the Doctor, "tell her to go chase herself."

Patient: "Hey, that wasn't the tooth I wanted pulled!"

Dr. Hurst: "Now, now, calm yourself. I'm coming to it."

Miss Hutchison: "What happened to the new probationer that came last week?"

Miss Willetts: "She was brushing her teeth with some of that new-fangled foamy toothpaste and one of the other probationers figured she had hydrophobia and shot her."

"Nurse," said little Johnny, "don't men ever go to heaven?"

"Why, of course, my dear. What makes you ask?"

"Because I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers."

"Well," said Miss Collins, thoughtfully, "some men do go to heaven, but they get there by a close shave."

The distinguished visitor to a hospital for the insane was having difficulty trying to make a telephone call. Finally he lost his temper.

"Look here, young woman," he angrily said to the telephone operator, "do you know who I am?"

"No," she replied, "but I know where you are."

"Have you heard that Mary is engaged to that good-looking new X-ray specialist?"

"She is? Well, forevermore! I wonder what he sees in her?"

MAIDEN'S LAMENT

Farewell dear silk,

A fond "Good-bye",

You've other uses now I see:

As a parachute you'll land some guy;

That's more than you ever did for me.

Skeptic Miss: "Can this coat be worn out in the rain without hurting it?"

Fur Salesman: "Lady, did you ever see a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

Hewitt: "Hey, did you take a shower?"

Howson: "No, is one missing?"

DR. STEPHENS TOLD US THIS ONE:

The baldheaded patient in the Mental hospital was tearing up and down the hall, pulling at the curtains, knocking at doors, and laughing happily.

Another patient sat quietly at his drawing board, paying no attention to him.

The first patient stopped by the board, stared in amazement, then gasped: "Why do you sit there drawing all day? You must be crazy!"

The other looked up slowly up to his shining head, and replied: "Well, what do you think you're here for . . . dandruff?"

"Is old Angus a typical Scotsman?"

"Is he? He's saved all his toys for his second childhood!"

Old lady (to parachutist): "I really don't know how you can hang from that silk thing. The suspense must be terrible."

Parachutist: "No mum; it's when the suspense ain't there that it's terrible."

A man entered the waiting room of the hospital. His head was enveloped in bandages.

"Are you married?" asked the doctor.

"No," replied the man. "I've been run over."

Dr. Burrell awoke after his operation and found the blinds of the room drawn.

"Why are those blinds down, doctor?" he asked.

"Well," said Dr. McNulty, "there's a fire across the street and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation had been a failure."

Miss Rogal went to have her graduation shoes fitted.

"How long have you been on your feet?" inquired the clerk.

"For two and a half years," she replied.

Miss Lawson: "This liniment makes my arm smart."

Miss Ottley: "Then why not rub it on your head?"

Miss Geenen: "I'm looking for someone to lend me five dollars."

Miss Tremblay: "Well, you've got a nice day for it."

Mary: "I asked for chicken broth!"

Waiter: "Well, miss, it's chicken broth in its infancy. It's made from the water the eggs were boiled in."

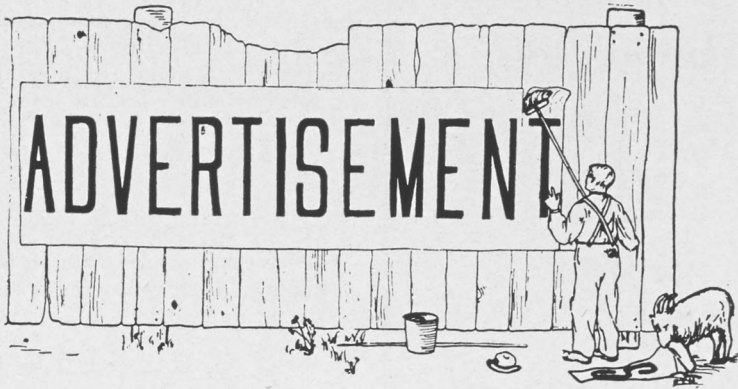
The psychologists say that a person who doesn't sleep enough will die sooner. There is no doubt that Sexton will be immortal.

Have you ever had difficulty in trying to read the penmanship of a doctor? After obtaining the medicine one patient took the prescription and used it for years as a railway pass—twice as an invitation to a dance—once as a complimentary ticket to a show—and later as a recommendation from his employer.—And in the evening his daughter played it on the piano.

DEFINITION OF A NURSE

A nurse is a marvellous compound of science and nature. She is trained like a doctor, registered like a Holstein cow, starched like a full dress shirt, and salaried like a farmhand. But can she do miracles? She can make a five-foot sheet cover a six-foot bed, and shake down a clinical thermometer without dislocating her wrist, or putting her patient's eye out.

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He made her heart brave, true and kind
And like His mountain streams her mind
As crystal-pure, yet swift or deep
As where their waters rush or sleep.

Her hands He made firm, tender, skilled,
Their touch with His own pity filled.
And gave, to make His nurse complete
A sense of humour, wholesome, sweet.

God made a nurse—thank God.

"Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but doing ordinary things extraordinarily well."

Yahoudi is the little blind glow worm who carried the light that failed through the corridors of the nurses' home looking for Ethyl Chloride, the 1942 graduate who paid for her Year Book with the last note of the unfinished symphony.

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KILLJOYS

1. An extra week of nights.
2. On study list.
3. Cold weather, which necessitates wearing a hat.
4. A P.M. with class and lecture.
5. The first morning on a new ward.
6. Keeping for lecture while Romeo waits.
7. A flat purse so early in the month.
8. Your debtors waiting like vultures for your allowance to arrive.

A friend is like an old song
 Grown sweeter with the years,
 A friend is one who shares our joys
 And wipes away our tears.
 A friend will look for goodness
 In everything you do,
 A friend is one who knows our faults
 Yet finds our virtues too.
 A friend will share a crust of bread
 Or help to lift a load.
 Happy are we who find a few
 Good friends along the road.

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MY NURSE

They tell me she's only a probie,
For no cap adorns her brow,
But her smile like the summer sunshine
Steals into your heart somehow.
So to me she's a ministering angel,
There isn't the slightest doubt
She'll be there at last when the Master
Is handing the halos out.

She comes on the ward each morning
With a roguish gleam in her eye,
But there's nothing too small for her
notice
Or no task too big to try.
With a heart full of understanding
She cares for the young and the old,
Well, she may be only a probie,
But she is worth her weight in gold.
—F. Hughes.

Miss Goodman: "What happens when a
body is immersed in water?"

Miss Lazenby: "The telephone rings."

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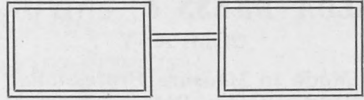
HOW ARE THEY MADE?

A bundle of energy,
An acre of tact,
A brain to remember
Each medical fact,
A bushel of work
A tenth grain of flirt,
A white uniform
And a stiff undershirt,
A couple of smiles,
Not a cent in his purse.
This then is a typical
St. Boniface Nurse.

Daylight saving it founded on the old
Indian idea of cutting off one end of the
blanket and sewing it to the other end
to make it longer.

Good Manners—The knack of over-
looking the other fellow's bad ones.

JAMES SHAEN



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You are the fellow who has to decide
Whether you'll do it or toss it aside;
You are the fellow who makes up your
mind

Whether you'll lead or linger behind;

Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar,
Or be content to stay where you are,
Take it or leave it. Here's something
to do.

Just think it over—it's all up to you.

—Arthur Eugene Cooper.

STICK TO IT

If the task is mighty tough,

Stick to it;

If the way is long and rough,

Stick to it;

Overcome it, mile by mile,

Meet its hardships with a smile,

Courage is the thing worth while,

Stick to it.

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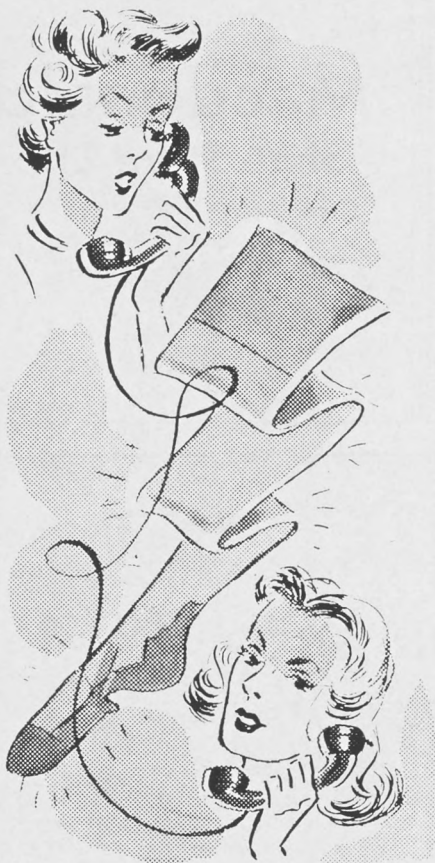
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always have a job. The man who knows
"why" will always have his boss. As to
methods there may be a million and then
some, but principles are few. The man
who grasps principles can successfully
select his own methods. The man who tries
methods, ignoring principles, is sure to
have trouble.—Emerson.

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think, without confusion, clearly;
To love his fellowmen sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.
—Henry Van Dyke.

Miss Bradshaw to Miss Adams: "If I'm
studying when you get back, wake me up."

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COURAGE

'Tis the front towards life that matters
most—

The tone, the point of view,
The constancy that in defeat
Remains untouched and true;

For death in patriot fight may be
Less gallant than a smile,
And high endeavor, to the gods,
Seems in itself worth while!

—Florence Earle Coates.

OPPORTUNITY

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune:

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it
serves,

Or lose our ventures.

—William Shakespeare.

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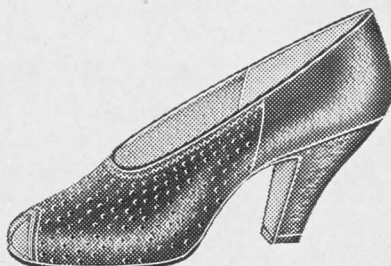
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If a task is once begun
Never leave it 'till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well or not at all.

The reward of one duty is the power
to fulfill another.—George Elliot.

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WORDS

Words may be tools with which we chisel
thought
Into an image of our mind, clear and
wrought;
Or threads with which we weave a proud
disguise
To hide our inmost selves from prying
eyes.

SMILES

Smile a smile; when you smile, another
smiles,
And soon there's miles and miles of
smiles,
And life's worth while if you but smile.

DUTY

When Duty comes a-knocking at your
gate,
Welcome him in, for if you bid him wait,
He will depart only to come once more
And bring seven other duties to your
door.

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4. Quote, "You are off the study list."
5. "No drill this morning."
6. "Sister Clermont will see the nurses re holidays."
7. An approving smile from a supervisor.
8. Ice cream on Sunday.
9. Choice of half-days.
10. A letter from home with your monthly allowance.

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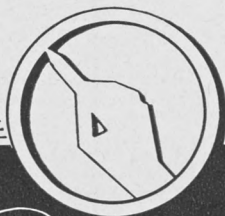
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